

though so that I don't think they would be much
advantage to me as I don't want to hook up a team
every time I go to town. I left my coal oil at the farm
and walked home from there getting a ride from the
Winding Hill with Billy Watson. It was rather late when
I got the chores all done and as I was tired I didn't do
anything all evening but snooze. I didn't go out to
vote to-day as I had no way of getting there except
walking and I didn't consider the election important
enough to warrant that much exercise. Kent & Ray
Miers are the aspirants for the reeve's chair and though
I would have supported Reg Kent had I voted I don't
think it makes much difference. Miers was in to
see Dad soliciting his vote and raising the argument that
"he stayed to home" the whole council would be up
around Post Ryerse. Dad told him he didn't care if they
were in Kalamazoo for all the good they ever did him
in the road past him which has had no permanent
improvement made to it since he has lived on it in
spite of the fact that he has paid taxes enough himself
during that time to gravel it. Pickford was telling of a
great time they had the other night. New Year's eve a man
knocked at the door and when they opened it they discovered

Ellis Ryerse supporting his wife who was in great
distress and wanting to borrow Pickford's horse & cutter
as they had had a break down in their car while on
their way to Mrs. Lawson's. Pickford got them the cutter
as fast as possible and they got down town just in time
as twenty minutes later they had a new daughter.
A great pity was that after all their trouble they couldn't have
postponed the event for a few hours as it seems the
Simcoe mer charts are offering prizes to the first
three babies born in Norfolk in 1925. Drey mild & cloudy.

Tuesday January 6th

Those men, beloved of the Muses, who are capable of expressing
in cadenced words fitting appreciations of all things beautiful
are wont to find themes for their songs in the weather that
does or should prevail between the Vernal equinox and
the first killing frost of Autumn. Seldom do we hear a
voice from Parnassus eulogizing the breath of January
unless it be to try to work up a little sympathy for
what ever merits a rigorous climate may have to "bite
the Viking blood." but this meets with little response and I
admit deserves little. There are days never the less even
at this season, when the pallid face of Nature suggests a